

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

THE WORLD IS MY COUNTRY; TO DO GOOD IS MY RELIGION—TOM PAINE.
DO UNTO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU—CONFUCIUS.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY; \$1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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\$1.00 A YEAR



Charles C. Moore
Editor
LEXINGTON, KY.

TERMS OF THE BLADE.

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ton, Ky., as Second Class Mail.

Club rates are 50 cents each for
five or more names. Send in now
and avoid the rush.

How to Get the Blade for 25 Cents
A Year.

The BLADE will be sent for a year
to any 100 addresses in United
States for \$25.00.

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The BLADE will be sent for 50 Cts.
A YEAR EACH, for any order for FIVE
OR MORE.
Sample copies will be sent free.

AGENTS FOR THE BLADE.

Any body, any where, any time
can be an agent for the BLADE by
sending 2 cent each for 10 papers or
more, or by sending 50 cents each
for 5 or more yearly subscribers, ad-
dressed to Editor Charles C. Moore,
Lexington, Ky.

WHAT THAT STAR.

LIKE THIS, (*) MEANS, WHEN
YOU SEE IT AFTER
YOUR NAME.

There are many instances in which
I believe, from various reasons, that
persons would take the BLADE if
they could see several consecutive
copies of it, when they might not do
it just from seeing a single issue.
They are generally such persons as
write for sample copies, and per-
sonal friends of myself, or of my
friends.

In many of these cases the BLADE
will be sent to them marked with a
star, like this (*) after their names
on their printed address which will
show the date at which the paper
starts to them.

In these cases it is, of course, de-
sired that the parties shall pay for
the paper, at the regular rates—\$1
a year for a single paper, or 50 Cents
each for 5 or more papers.

If after the parties have seen the
paper long enough to determine
whether they will want it, I most
respectfully ask that they may either
pay me for it, in advance, the regu-
lar way, or notify me to discontinue
it and I will do so with thanks for
the courtesy.

If friends of the BLADE know of
persons who do not take it, and who,
they believe, would take it, if they
knew of it, I would be obliged if they
would send me such names stating
that they are "on the star plan."

What the B. G. Blade Wants.

The BLUE GRASS BLADE, edited by
Ex-Rev. Charles C. Moore, Lexing-
ton, Ky., wants the following:

1. Such a suppression—peaceably
if possible; by force if necessary—of
the Christian religion, in the United
States, as will stop the reading of
the Bible, in the public schools; the
payment of chaplains out of public
treasuries, the giving of public
money for any religious purpose, the
exemption of church property from
taxes, the enactment of Sunday laws,
and prosecutions for anything said or
written against religion, or against
any religious dogma, hogma, or
pigma.

2. The suppression—by law if pos-
sible; by force if necessary—of the
liquor traffic, except for medical and
other scientific purposes.

3. The right to vote to be given to
women as to men.

4. Such educational qualification
to vote as will enable one to read in-
telligently, in some language, the
Constitution of the United States.

5. Special national legislation to
improve the condition, financial and
educational, of Negroes and Indians.

6. An International Congress to
arbitrate differences between nations.

7. The publication and dissemina-
tion by the United States Govern-
ment, of the most competent opinions
of scientist on the sexual relation.

8. The government ownership and
operation of railroads, telegraphs,
long-distance telephones, steam-
boats, and steam ship lines between
this government and Europe, and
this government and China.

9. A National University open to
all without regard to race or sex.

10. The coining of all gold and
silver, of which coinage is asked by
its owner, by the government of the
United States at actual cost of such
coining, for the benefit of its owner,
and the making of such coin legal
tender for all debts, public and
private.

11. The National ownership and
operating of coal and metal mines
sufficient to supply the demands of
this government for those articles.

12. The compulsory education to
the extent of learning to read and
write, of all children that are capable
of such education, resident in the
United States, and whose parents are
citizens of this government.

13. The enactment of laws that shall,
without prejudice, disparagement or
discrimination, for or against rich or
poor, tend to stop any possible gen-
eral tendency to make the rich richer
and the poor poorer.

14. The substitution of imprison-
ment for life, for capital punish-
ment, by an amendment to the Na-
tional Constitution.

15. The abolition of all tariff and
substitution of free trade, and direct
tax for revenue.

16. The disbanding of the army
and navy of the United States further
than is necessary for domestic police
regulation.

Those Who are Helping the Blade on the Club Plan.

Beginning Oct. 14, '98 those who
have helped the BLADE, on the Club
Plan, are as follows:

R. L. Baker, Fort Fairfield, Maine,
\$25; Louis Levine, Charleston, S.
C., \$1; D. Webster Groh, Hagers-
town, Md., \$2; N. A. C. Mackie, M.
D., Gollindo, Texas, \$4; Aescularius,
\$5; M. V. Thomas, San Francisco,
Calif., \$2.50; Alex. Porter, Elva,
Man, Canada, \$5; T. Hays, Davis,
Ills., \$3; M. Rowe, Redmon, Ills.,
\$2.50; V. H. Perkins, Chicago, \$10;
Dr. N. A. C. Mackie, \$1.50; H. L.
Peak, Shawnee, Okla., \$2.50; Samuel
Fuller, Watson, Minn., \$2.50; L. P.
Arnold, Carlisle, Ark., \$5; J. H. Al-
corn, Wallaceville, Pa., \$1.50; R. T.
Shaw, Corinth, Ky., \$2.50; C. C.
Marston, Mont., \$2.50; Friend, Marl-
boro, Mass., \$25; James K. Sears,
McKoy, Ore., \$2.50; Sander Soll,
Park River, N. Dak., \$5; A. Vogel,
West Liberty, Iowa, \$3; Nathan
Reed, Brighton, Ind., \$5.20; J. F. B.
Arbuckle, Forest City, Iowa, \$2.50;
J. W. Gilbert, Friend, Neb., \$2.50;
N. P. Spainhower, Ruthon, Ky., \$2;
E. D. Estes, Corning, Ark., \$2.50;
F. T. Perkins, Punda Gorda, Fla.,
\$2.50.

CHAS. C. MOORE

Sentenced to the Ohio State
Prison for Two Years.

REPORT OF THE TRIAL.

It was a scene which few men have
opportunity to observe in a life time.
A white-haired man, whose years at
are few best, sitting in the seat of Jus-
tice sentencing another man, likewise
gray with age, to imprisonment for
two years, for a few trivial words
sent through the mails. Words,
which to the student of sociology or
to any liberally-minded man, cannot
be twisted into any shape as to re-
nder them indecently offensive—words
which some of the best lawyers and
judges in this city have declared,
contain no particle of obscenity.
The naked truth, like a nude statue
morally impresses men differently.
It shocks and shames some, and to
others it is pure and beautiful.

Men likewise see justice. One po-
litical party sees little to commend
in the judgments of another. The
various religious factions hate each
other. The various constructions
they place upon meaningless dogmas
have led them to massacre, and tor-
ture, each other. There is in reality
no such thing as party or religious
justice. Only where judgment rises
above party, religion, friendship,
and kindred even, can mankind look
for justice. It is for this reason that
justice is represented as blind.

William Bundy the District Attor-
ney and Judge Thompson who pro-
secuted and sentenced Mr. Moore
may honestly believe that they have

performed their duty and rendered a
just sentence, in depriving Mr.
Moore of his liberty, taking him
from his family, and confining him
in the penitentiary for two long
years. As I said before different
people will place a different con-
struction upon a statute or a dogma,
and do so both naturally and honest-
ly. The weight of a single word
has thrown nations into violent dis-
pute, both sides fighting to the death
in support of their ideas of justice.

Religious men have condemned a
dissenter to the stake honestly be-
lieving that justice(?) demands that
their shall be no difference of opin-
ions on ghostly subjects. The Pur-
itans honestly believed that justice
(?) was meted out to the man, who
was sent to the pillory for kissing
his wife on a Sunday. Elizabeth may
have honestly believed that her sen-
tence of death to the Queen of Scots
was a just deed; but it is recorded of
her that she never slept well there-
after.

There are no questions which involve
so much discussion as the sociologi-
cal questions of today. These ques-
tions are only in a state of develop-
ment. What seems justice to one
seems persecution to another. Take
the divorce question for instance.
Some of our religious creeds say
there is no justice in granting a di-
vorce, for what God, the priest, bath
joined together, let no Judge, the
mortal presume to put asunder.

It is altogether the way different
factions are taught to view these
things. The Catholic teaches that
it is immoral, lustful and lascivious
for a divorced person to re-marry.
The Protestant teaches that it is both
moral and virtuous. Both may hon-
estly entertain these different ideas
of justice, and both may be honestly
right in some cases and both again
be honestly wrong. It is a question
which involves human affections, and
never was the man born so wise as
to be able to comprehend the nature,
the wants and happiness of the heart
of another, or decide the laws which
shall govern it.

The growing evil of divorce, the
marital jealousy and unfaithfulness
which leads to murder and suicide,
the yearly prostitution of hundreds
of thousands of somebody's daughters,
the secret abuses of youth, the ven-
ereal and other diseases which propa-
gate consumption and insanity, the
dense ignorance of procreative law,
which incapacitates three-fourths of
mankind from making proper mar-
ital selection, and the rapidly spread-
ing secret vices which cannot be
thought of without a feeling of
shame, surely make the proper
knowledge of sex, the greatest moral
issue—the most vital issue in this
country today. Every political and
military question before this country
today is a trifling insignificance be-
side it. The holy hush which is put
upon the sex question only tends to
vulgarize it. Is it better to have a
free and open discussion of these

questions, that youth may be en-
lightened, and directed wisely, or go
headlong on to abandon as this na-
tion is surely progressing?

People will have different ideas as
to what is just in this direction, and
as to what are the best methods
of attacking and solving social
evils. Some think the present
marital arrangement has solved it as
near as it can be solved; others
looking abroad over the field
of marital infidelity, and the by-ways
of divorce, prostitution and vice
think it has not solved it.

One thing is sure, if it is never
publicly discussed, it will never be
any better, and if never any better,
it is bound to grow worse, especially
as this nation grows in wealth; for
it is the history of all nations that
as they develop great wealth, they
progress toward abandon, degeneracy
and racial extinction.

Mr. Moore, as is well known to
everybody who has read the BLUE
GRASS BLADE for these many years,
and from the very start of its pub-
lication, published it as an Infidel-
Prohibition journal—its most dis-
tinctive feature being that of Prohi-
bition. With all his might and
power, he has fought to protect the
American home, and the American
youth from the far reaching evils con-
sequent upon the use of liquor, and
this too in a community where more
liquor is manufactured than any
other place in the world. He has
dared to do for the right, that which
no other man in his community
would openly do, expose the hypo-
crites, religious and political, who
occupied high places, by grace and
permission of the manufacturer and
retailer of whisky. That he has
done this, many times at the risk of
his life is equally well known. He
has been robbed and imprisoned for
his defense of "the American home."
He has been prosecuted and im-
prisoned and published as a Free
Lover, and Editor of a Free Love
paper. There are a million or
more people in this country who
know that the BLUE GRASS BLADE
was never anything else but an In-
fidel-Prohibition paper, and that Mr.
Moore is not a Free Lover, and never
was an advocate of Free Love,
and more than any other man has
seathingly denounced it.

Having always bitterly opposed
Free Love, I do not know how he hap-
pened to insert the two articles, upon
which he was indicted, and make the
comments he did upon them. It can
only be accounted for in this way:
Mr. Moore believes in the open dis-
cussion of all sociological questions,
especially those which affect the
morals of the community. He opened
his columns to the free discussion
of every subject which seemed to him
a moral or vital issue. Why should
any paper subsidize a question in-
volving a moral issue?

Mr. Moore is a man who believes
that Truth can stand any test, and
that the best compliment we can
pay to truth is to show our confi-
dence in it. He is not a practical
man in any sense. He applies policy
to nothing he does. He is so
frank and open in his manners and
character that he is a mere child in
some of the practical things of life.
Carlyle says that "Caution is the
lower story of prudence." Mr. Moore
is seemingly devoid of that faculty,
and for lack of it often says hasty,
thoughtless and imprudent things.
He has not even that caution essen-
tial to self-protection.

That he has been thoughtless and
imprudent goes without question.
He knew the law and should have
been cautious enough not to have
approached its limits; he knew that
an Infidel is liable to arrest if he
steps out of Christian latitude; this
superstition must have a victim oc-
casionally; and the better the man
the more he is wanted; but no one
who knows Mr. Moore will believe
that he would intentionally abuse
the privilege of speech or instigate
an immoral thought. His whole life
bels such an action.

It was the religious guerrilla's
opportunity and he took advan-
tage of it. When a man has
to fight enemies of that kind, he
should adopt like tactics, and not
recklessly expose himself in the
open.

Right here J. J. Rucker a professed
friend, a subscriber for years of the
BLADE, a co-worker with Mr. Moore
along the line of Prohibition, comes
upon the scene. Mr. Moore has re-
quested that I should report the pro-
secution just as I witnessed it; and
made no particular suggestion of
what should be said whatever, fur-
ther than to give in full the details
leading up to it. "For the rest,"
he said, "I am not the proper one to
report my own grievances. It
would not be relieved with the same
spirit as if told by some one else,
and I leave you untrammelled to

present it as you choose." The
readers of the BLADE are acquainted
with the circumstances which have
led to the prosecution and imprison-
ment of Mr. Moore; but for those
who are not I will enter into the full
details, at the risk of being tedious.
I will endeavor to report accurately
and impartially, and while my sym-
pathies are with Mr. Moore, they
will not bias my judgement wherein
I think he should not be spared.

Prof. Rucker a Christian Prohi-
bitionist of Georgetown Kentucky, and
Mr. Moore were friends of long
standing and co-workers in the Pro-
hibition cause. Rucker patronized
the BLADE for years, and Moore
sent his sons to the college presided
over by Rucker, to be educated.
Prohibition was the tie that bound.
This friendship continued for some
years. As it has been stated
often in the BLADE, Rucker started
a rival Prohibition sheet called "The
Temperance Star." It is supposed
by Moore and many others that
Rucker thought that the Prohibition
cause was not presented in its best
light associated with Infidelity; and
if Moore could successfully conduct
a paper on the Infidel-Prohibition
plan, he (Rucker) would startle Ken-
tucky, as well as make a lot of mon-
ey, by editing one on the Christian-
Prohibition plan. He failed. His
paper cut so little figure that people
living within ten miles of Geor-
getown never heard of its existence.

At sometime within this period,
Atherton, the Kentucky distiller
presented \$6,000 in all to a church
in which Rucker was an official, and
to the college over which Rucker
presided. These institutions ac-
cepted the money without protest.
Moore finding this out exposed Rucker's
hypocrisy. Time and again he
held this out of Rucker's up as an
illustration of Christian pretension
and inconsistency. This is Moore's
side of the story. If it is not true
Mr. Rucker has had a long time in
which to put his side of the story
to this exposition of "Prof. Rucker's"
professed Prohibition and to relig-
ious hate that Mr. Moore attributes
the revenge sought by reporting
the BLADE to the Postal inspectors
about one year ago.

The Postal authorities at Wash-
ington referred the matter to the
District Attorney, Harlan Cleveland
of Cincinnati, in which city the
BLADE was published. Cleveland
drew up the indictment, and in the
meantime was superseded as Dis-
trict Attorney by William Bundy
who prosecuted Moore and Hughes.

Mr. Bundy is a nephew of Senator
Foraker, through whose influence he
secured the position of District At-
torney. He is a young man, a suc-
cessful lawyer, and stands high in
the community. Judge Thompson
comes from Portsmouth, Ohio, in
which little city he has been a suc-
cessful politician, having represent-
ed that District in Congress once or
twice, and held minor political ap-
pointments.

Mr. Moore and Mr. Hughes stood
charged in the indictment with having
mailed or caused to be mailed "cer-
tain lewd, lascivious and indecent
matter." The statute under which
they were indicted reads as follows,
and should be carefully considered:

Section 333. Obscene matter.—
"Every obscene, lewd or lascivious
book, pamphlet, picture, paper, let-
ter, writing, print, or other publi-
cation of an indecent character,
whether sealed as first class matter
or not are hereby declared as non-
mailable matter and shall not be
conveyed in the mails nor delivered
from any post office, nor by any let-
ter carrier; and any person who
shall knowingly deposit or cause to
be deposited for mailing or delivery
anything declared by this section to
be non-mailable matter, and any
person who shall knowingly take the
same or cause the same to be taken,
from the mails for the purpose of
circulating, or disposing of, or aid-
ing in the circulation or disposition
of the same, shall for each and every
offense be fined upon conviction
thereof not more than \$5,000 or im-
prisoned at hard labor not more
than five years, or both at the dis-
cretion of the Court."

The trial began with the reading
of the indictment, and the statute
covering the case. Judge Feland
of Lawrenceburg, Ky., asked the court
for a separate trial, stating that he
had been engaged as counsel for Mr.
Hughes but not for Mr. Moore. This
situation of the case had the effect
of obtaining a separate trial, which
was protested by the District Attor-
ney, but reluctantly granted by the
Court. Otherwise Mr. Hughes would
most probably have received the
same sentence as Mr. Moore. The
Court summoned the jury and the
trial of Mr. Moore commenced.
Very unwisely, Mr. Moore assumed
charge of his case, and doing so
verified the old adage of the man

who nets in the capacity of his own
legal adviser.

The first witness in behalf of the
government was a man, the daily
practice of whose life has been to do
good to those who hate him; to do as
he would be done by; to return good
for evil; to turn the other cheek
when smitten, in fact a man who is
the most perfect illustration of the
Christian (?) gentleman that Ken-
tucky can produce, Prof. J. J. Ruck-
er of Georgetown, the shining Prohi-
bition light, the man of strange
bed-fellows, Atherton, Moore &c.

Rucker is both an anatomical
and facial study—cavernous-faced,
tall, gaunt, hollow-chested, narrow,
as perfect a case of splenetic and
debilitated piety as ever trod the
halls of justice. When he ascended
the steps and seated himself in the
witness chair, he threw his long
bony pedestals into a double twist,
folded his arms majestically and as-
sumed the air of one of those grand,
gloomy and peculiar geniuses, who
are given to the habit of wrapping
themselves. Napoleon like, in the
solitude of their own originality.
His whole bearing seemed to say,
"Here I am, Mr. Moore, and this is
my inning." Revenge which is al-
ways the weak pleasure of a little
and narrow mind was written all
over his furrowed face. There is no
passion of the human heart that
promises so much and pays so little
as revenge. It is at first sweet, but
becomes bitter ere long, and recoils
back on itself. Bacon better ex-
plained it in these words, "A man
that studieth revenge keepeth his
own wounds green, which otherwise
would heal and do well."

If Prof. Rucker sought revenge,
he is now tasting its first sweets.
He should be satisfied. He took ad-
vantage of Mr. Moore's weakness to
write and print unguarded thoughts,
and has been the means of sending
him to the penitentiary for two long
years. In doing this he has broken
the hearts of his own friends, and
of those who never did him wrong. "Chri-
stian charity!" "Do unto others as
ye would have others do unto you!"
When he sits around his comfortable
fire side at night, if he has a con-
science above an adder, he will think
of the fire side he has made desolate,
and the sad hearts that sit around
it. If down in the cold storage of
his bleak anatomy there be a single
warm spot, when he reclines on his
comfortable couch at night, the vis-
ion of an aged prisoner stretched on
the iron cot of his narrow, stony
cell will haunt and haunt his wan-
dering thoughts.

But such a vision may possibly
never disturb his dreams. The grace
of God which aboundeth so fully in
his heart, and that love which pass-
eth all understanding, may give him
such perfect peace, that it will en-
able him to sleep well. He has had
his Christian revenge—that revenge
which the Lord claimed as his own,
and with which man should not re-
pay.

In strange contrast, let me de-
scribe another scene. When Mr.
Moore was led from the Courtroom,
to one adjoining, containing a cell,
a number of friends followed to express
their sympathy and bid him fare-
well.

Fearing that his son, Leland, a
manly young fellow was nursing re-
vengeful thoughts, he said "Son I
fear you are meditating revenge.
Go home and take no further action
in the case. Whatever you do, I
would not have you hurt Prof. Ruck-
er or bring a sorrow to his family.
If you would please me in one thing
more than another observe this re-
quest, I would rather go to prison
than have you hurt Prof. Rucker."

In a moment like this a man's true
nature comes to the surface, I have
deviated from my report of the pro-
secution to introduce the Christian
and the Infidel, in the light of re-
venge, as they appear in this trial.

The District Attorney upon open-
ing the trial introduced Mr. Moore
to the Judge's attention as a Free
Lover, and Editor of a Free Love
paper. Mr. Moore arose to object
but was called down by the court. The
District Attorney questioned Mr.
Rucker as to receiving certain
copies of the BLUE GRASS BLADE
through the mail, and as to his
marking items in these par-
ticular copies and forwarding
the paper to Washington. Rucker
identified the paper which he had
thus marked and mailed to the postal
department.

Mr. Moore in cross examination
received not a single direct reply
to a question that he asked. Ruck-
er was quick to see that the charge
and evidence so far, proclaimed Mr.
Moore the advocate and publisher
of a Free Love paper. He knew
the effect this would have on the
jury, and questioning him as closely
as he could, Mr. Moore did not suc-

ceed in getting Rucker to state the principles advocated, and known all over Kentucky to be advocated by the BLUE GRASS BLADE.

The following is the questioning in part.

Moore—How long have you been a subscriber to the BLUE GRASS BLADE?

Rucker—Well, for a number of years.

Moore—How many years?

Rucker—Well, I don't know just exactly.

Moore—Did you take it when it was first published?

Rucker—I guess I began taking it about that time.

Moore—How long ago was that?

Rucker—Several years ago.

Moore—Do you not distinctly know that it was just thirteen years ago?

Rucker—I am not certain of the date.

Moore—Did it advocate Free Love when you first subscribed for it?

Rucker—I cannot say.

Moore—Have you read it closely enough to know what it has advocated?

Rucker—I cannot say that I have.

Moore—Have you read it as closely as you do the ordinary newspaper?

Rucker—Well, yes at times.

Moore—And you don't know the principles that it advocates?

Rucker—Well, I have noticed that it advocates a variety of things.

Moore—Do you not know, as well as you know you are sitting there that your paper is an Infidel-Prohibition paper, that it is now such, always has been such, and is now regarded by everybody as such?

To this Rucker gave some evasive reply and Moore again pinned him to the question. The Court here interfered and protected Rucker. "But your Honor," said Mr. Moore, "The District Attorney charged me with being a Free Lover, and a publisher of a Free Love paper. It is false every word of it, and I want to prove it by Prof. Rucker himself who, if he tells the truth, will say that it is false."

Here Moore lost his head; the unfairness exasperated him and his address to the Court was impertinent, but just and natural enough under the circumstance. The Court reminded him that "he was at liberty to conduct his own case, but he must observe the usual rules of propriety; that a fair trial would be given him, and there was no inclination on the part of the Court to persecute him."

Moore asked His Honor if he would again be permitted to question Prof. Rucker? The Court replied that he could summon him if he wished. Later on when Mr. Moore asked that Prof. Rucker be called to the stand, it was found that Prof. Rucker had drawn his witness fees and taken his departure for home. Moore said, "Why, your Honor, I am not permitted to question him again."

"Well," said His Honor, "I guess he has gone home. You ought to have"—(the rest I did not hear). This is some of the guaranteed "fairness." After that Moore became rattled and an Indian statue in front of a cigar store could have put up almost as able a defense, that is from a legal standpoint.

Here was a man who had been taking the BLADE most of the time for 13 years and didn't know what it advocated. If Rucker ever knew much of anything he don't look like it. Maybe when he is called to the witness stand again he'll know something about it. In my opinion, the worst reflection that can be cast upon Moore is that he should ever have had anything to do with a man who knows so little.

During the noon recess, I talked to the District Attorney, and told him "that his charge that the BLUE GRASS BLADE is a Free Love paper was absolutely false; that he certainly was misinformed; that he could not afford to have it known to the thousands of Liberals in this city, that he had misrepresented Mr. Moore; that it was very evident that he would succeed in convicting Mr. Moore anyhow, without misrepresenting him and convicting him on a false charge; that it looked to me that it was the Infidel aimed at."

He replied, "If it is not a Free Love paper, I would like to know what you call it?" I answered, "These two papers you have in your possession are the only issues ever sent out by Mr. Moore which contained articles on Free Love, except issues in which he had scathingly denounced it, and to my knowledge no man in the country had more forcibly denounced it than Mr. Moore. I asked him if he considered the Enquirer a Christian paper, because it inserts church notes in its columns every week, and occasionally prints Talmage's sermons?"

Or if he called the Times-Star an Infidel paper because it always inserts Ingersoll's lectures when he appears here?"

When Court was called at 2 p. m. Mr. Bundy began his speech by stating that he had been told that the BLUE GRASS BLADE was not a Free Love paper, that he did not want to misrepresent Mr. Moore, or persecute any man for his peculiar beliefs, but if those two copies before him were not Free Love papers, he didn't know what to call them."

It is thus seen that he started out seemingly to correct the charge, but in the end made it more forcible than ever. Some more "fairness." Then he read the passages upon which the indictment was made, and called attention to some other articles in the paper upon which he was not indicted. These he had no business to introduce, for they were not pertinent to the case. If Mr. Moore had introduced foreign matter he

would have been called down abruptly.

He called the jury's attention to the first article in the paper, in which Mr. Moore discussed some Atheistic question, and said "the paper was full of blasphemous articles like that, and if he was not mistaken, he (Moore) could be indicted for blasphemy as well as Free Love. It was a terrible thing for Mr. Moore to 'insinuate' Free Love doctrines in his paper, but all right for Mr. Bundy to 'insinuate' the crime of Atheism and blasphemy against Mr. Moore, in his speech to the jury, when Mr. Moore was being tried only for Free Love statements. Some more 'fairness.' What would more prejudice a Christian jury against a man than to be charged with Atheism? Was Mr. Moore on trial for Atheism? Then Mr. Bundy launched out in a Spread Eagle speech about 'the American home,' that would have done credit to Ben Butcherworth in his palmist days when addressing a country political meeting. It was the same old speech almost word for word, that I have heard McKinley, Foraker, and a dozen other politicians give when addressing the hay-seed audiences I used to attend.

He told how that statute had been provided for just such cases as this, to protect the American youth and the American home from such vile, lascivious, lewd and indecent stuff as charged in this indictment.

Mr. Bundy well knew, and I subsequently told him so, that the mails are loaded to the guards with the Bible, which contains such "vile, lascivious, lewd and indecent stuff," that the clergy of the State of Michigan and other States are having this "vile, lascivious, lewd and indecent" stuff eliminated for an abbreviated Bible so it will be fit to put in the hands of school children; that this abbreviated Bible is for the purpose of concealing "the vile, lascivious, lewd and indecent stuff" from the pure minds of childhood. He knows that this book contains among its grand pages, a record of all the vile practices of primitive times; that it is the advocate and source of Polygamy, that it contains the nasty dirty "lewd, lascivious and indecent" Songs of Solomon; the suggestive amours of David; the incest of Lot; the crime of Onan; and what not that is viciously and immorally suggestive.

He knows that this book is in his own home, and in nearly every "American Home" for the preservation of whose morals he is so tenderly sensitive. He knows too that the commercial press sends through the mails into American Homes all the dirty, rape, divorce and other morbid, suggestive and criminal news it can rake up; and that many of them contain columns after columns of plain assignments, and that these papers go into the hands of men and into the hands of his own children.

Mr. Moore has not been very choice in his language; but if he had ever printed and sent through the mails half as dirty stuff as is contained in the Bible and in the Commercial press, I would not be losing my sleep to defend him tonight.

I do not approve of Mr. Moore's slangy style of expression, I do not excuse him. Because the Bible is nasty in parts is no reason that he should be uncouth in some instances in his paper. All the more shame to the Infidel who fails to dignify and exalt speech.

He is supposed to have passed beyond Bible influence. The trouble with Moore is that he was a preacher once and has never gotten out of the rut.

Mr. Bundy's talk about the American Home was pretty enough, and no doubt touched the right spot in the jury's hearts. But considering the passage through the mails of the indecent stuff in the Bible, and the columns of assignments, sent right into American Homes, it sounded strangely inconsistent, when he declared that the law provided that statute purposely to cover such ideas as those for which Mr. Moore stood indicted.

But Bundy had a duty to perform; and that was to send an old man on the down grade of life to the penitentiary—for what? for murder, theft, slander, burglary or vice of any kind? No! What then? Why for sending through the mails a private opinion upon a social question which many people dispute about—a question that does not come up to the standard of Bible purity. (?)

Bundy, like Rucker went about his duty as systematically as determinedly. He, a young man of health and promise. To me it was a strange sight to see a youth almost, bending his best energies to imprison a man whose years are few for a most trifling offense, as compared to some which are committed against the postal law, and which go unnoticed day by day. I could not have done it. I doubt if Bundy sleeps well over it. I have this now to ask of every friend of Free thought.

"What has the gray-haired prisoner done? Has murder stained his hands with gore? Not so; his crime's a fouler one."

HE IS AN INFIDEL.

That appears to be Moore's chief crime, all the way from Rucker to the penitentiary. That was Paine's crime, for which a nation he almost created has condemned him to hate and infamy. It was the crime of Copernicus and Galileo, and Vanini and Bruno and Servetus.

I do not know that it is so, but from my close observation of this trial, I am impressed with the belief that it was a not a fair one but had the object in view of suppressing Moore by confining him. Anyhow I believe it

was Rucker's. In one sentence he called the jury's attention to Moore's Atheism, and in the next declared "that Mr. Moore was not being prosecuted, for his peculiar beliefs." Whether this was intentional upon the part of Mr. Bundy or not, I do not know. But I do know the effect that such an "insinuation" will have upon a Christian jury, and I know it was not fair, and I know that if Moore had had a capable lawyer, Bundy would have been compelled to confine himself to the Free Love indictment. It is this along with some other things that impress me as I have stated.

Mr. Moore's defense in reply to Mr. Bundy's speech was about as weak an effort as a man could possibly make. He seemed rattled and talked incoherently, and more about himself than the indictment. But there was some excuse for this. He knew he was going to be sentenced to prison. At the noon recess he told me that he felt it in the Judge's countenance; and the accusation of publishing a Free Love paper, which he felt he would not be given a chance to disprove, depressed him greatly. What with the pugnaciousness of the District Attorney and a Christian jury to face, he felt that he was already condemned. He began to realize his position, and thought his best plan was to appeal to the jury, and tell them about himself, and his family, and impress them if he could, that he was something more than a Kentucky moonshiner or counterfeiter. His talk excited more amusement than sympathy, as was plainly seen in the faces of the jury.

The Judge leaned his head upon his hand and to all appearance went to sleep. Likewise a jurymen inclined his head and appeared to be asleep. Moore was allowed to talk fifteen minutes, when the Judge stopped him and reminded him that he was not talking to the jury, and asked him how much time he expected? Mr. Moore told him "that he had not even begun yet, but if he wanted to stop him at any time just to say the word and he would quit."

"Alright," said the Judge, "I will take you at your word and tell you when you have exhausted your time."

Mr. Moore then took up his paper which contained the language so offensive to Rucker's pious optics, and beginning with the first article attempted to show that this paper was not a Free Love paper; but that it was an Infidel-Prohibition paper. He took up each article separately, read the headings, and commented on the matter discussed, going his best in his feeble and odd way up to prove to the jury, none of whom knew anything about his paper, that it was not a Free Love paper.

Why should not a man be right and be granted the time to disprove a false charge against him?

The Court permitted him to talk fifteen minutes and abruptly told him that his time was up and to sit down. He then charged the jury and sent them off to the jury room. It only required five minutes for them to declare a verdict of guilty.

I have this now to say about Mr. Moore's trial. I have been in the Police Court in this city where a thief with only a thirty days workhouse sentence confronting him was given more respectful consideration than was given Mr. Moore in this trial. I have seen old bums tried for loitering, and their rambling tales told without the Judge resting his head as inclined to sleep, or to express his weariness.

I have known of trials where a man was being prosecuted for sheep stealing, trials lasting more than a week, yes for weeks at a time, with the examination of many witnesses to go through with, and lawyers spending a half a day at a time in a single speech, but Mr. Moore was allowed a little pitiful thirty minutes, to go over a defense which involved a far reaching and critical examination; which required the most delicate handling before a jury, which from appearance would be slow in comprehension of an analytical subject of any kind. When time was called on Mr. Moore, he had come to himself and was presenting a good argument.

Mr. Moore did not summon a single witness, while he might have had fifty if he had so chosen. Since he occupied no time in his defense by the examination of witnesses, it looks as though he ought, at least, to have had a reasonable amount of the time generally occupied in taking testimony.

Whether Mr. Moore presented his case in a rustic manner or not; whether he was a little uncouth in observing the dignified proprieties of a United States Court, still he is an American citizen; and without witnesses, and a Christian jury to face, his very weakness should have been his defense. He was acting as his own lawyer, and he had a right to tell it in his own way, and a right to the time to tell it—that is if Free Speech and the right of defense are still one of the guarantees of American citizenship. When the jury's verdict of "guilty" was handed in, the District Attorney asked for sentence at once. The Judge said he wanted some time to consider it, and would give it at ten o'clock next morning, at which time Moore and Hughes were called before His Honor. In passing sentence the Judge said, "Mr. Moore, I am inclined to be more lenient with you than you deserve. You knew the law, you had been warned that you were violating it, you continued to violate it, and you still boasted of it. (Yes! said Mr. Moore, I am proud

of everything I have done). Well then, I will not give you half of what you ought to have. Your sentence is that you will be confined in the Ohio Penitentiary for two years, and stand charged with the cost of indictment until it be paid." This is the sentence as near as I can remember it. I am writing this report entirely from memory, as I took no notes.

I had expected Mr. Moore to receive a stiff fine, but I was not prepared for a sentence like that. And when that sentence fell from the Judge's lips, I said to myself, "Verily there is no more mercy in the hearts of some men than there is milk in a male tiger."

Previous to this sentence, Mr. Moore was asked if he had anything to say why sentence should be passed upon him. He said he had, and was told to take oath. "Your Honor" he said, "I have some scruples about taking oath as it is generally given." Here he was interrupted by the Judge saying, "I don't want any more trifling here." Well said Mr. Moore, "I don't believe in a God, and will not take the oath. I wish to affirm." "Affirm him!" said the Judge impatiently.

Then Mr. Moore said that he had been indicted and prosecuted on a false charge, that he was neither a Free Lover nor the editor of a Free Love paper; but since he had been declared guilty he appealed to the Court's mercy, saying that a heavy fine would bankrupt his family, that his farm was mortgaged for \$3,000, which was one third of its valuation; that he neither raised race-horses, nor corn for whisky, and a farmer in his part of the country who discarded these markets, had a hard time to get along. Above all said he "I want to take all the responsibility of this case upon my shoulders. Whatever fine or imprisonment is to be meted out, let it fall upon me, and not on Mr. Hughes, I want him to go back home tonight to his wife and baby."

Then to the consternation of all the Liberals present, as well as to many others, the awful sentence of imprisonment for two years was given. Mr. Hughes was then fined \$25.00 and costs amounting to \$76.00. It was through the quiet skillful work of Judge Feland, who grasped the situation at once, and by fine legal tactics saved Hughes. If Mr. Moore had employed Judge Feland who had studied the case and came prepared for it, his defense would have been at least presented with dignity and ability; even if he did not escape imprisonment. But every Liberal present believes that it is doubtful whether legal talent would have greatly mitigated the sentence.

After the trial was over, a lawyer present stepped up to me and said "Men will fight and die for liberty, and then put men into office who rob them of it." I left the court room and followed Mr. Bundy to his office 5 or 6 doors away. While sitting in the waiting room, another lawyer whom I had seen in the court room all morning stepped to the telephone and communicated with some one about the Moore trial. He said "It is the most outrageous sentence ever given in that court room."

I waited till I got opportunity to see Mr. Bundy, and told him that the sentence imposed was cruel, and that I intended to appeal, and wanted to know what time I had, and what would be the bond. He replied "That he did not think Judge Thompson would grant an appeal, that it lay entirely with the Judge to fix the bond; that Moore had gotten a fair trial, and that he came off easy, as the Chicago Record man was imprisoned 2 years for a much less offense." From this I judge that a precedent had been looked up and confirms my impressions that he was doomed to imprisonment from the start. I asked what steps I should take in making an appeal? He said "I advise you to get a lawyer, and you can only get an appeal on a Writ of Error granted by Judge Thompson, but I don't think it will do any good." "All right, said I, I'll get the lawyer and there is plenty of error to appeal from—all I want is the time to make it and secure bondsmen." I sent Clark and Kaplan and other members of the Ohio Liberal Society out to communicate with other influential Liberals, while I went to see a legal adviser, Judge Feland, having unfortunately gone home the night before. I returned in one hour, and found that Moore had been band-aided and hustled off to Columbus just thirty minutes after I left Bundy's office.

Whether the haste to get him away was due to the prospective appeal, I do not know. I would not do Mr. Bundy the injustice to insinuate it. This case was a legacy to him from his predecessor in office. As District Attorney, it was his duty to prosecute it. If he did so conscientiously, he but performed his duty.

As to the justice of his methods, and the justice of the sentence that is another thing, and this is what I want to call to the attention of Liberals throughout the country.

In justice to the Court, I will say that Mr. Moore was offered the services of a lawyer which he refused, and if he had argued more to the point in the beginning, I am satisfied the Court would have given him more time. I want to say too that Mr. Moore has very few friends among the Liberals in this city. He has lam-basted them as much as he ever did Rucker, and alienated most of them, and they do not regard him as a representative Free thought propagandist. What ever action they may take in this case then, cannot be regarded as due

to personal attachment to Mr. Moore. The principle involved is more to them than the man. The Ohio Liberal Society has already entered an appeal, and intends to fight the case. As this Society is not particularly friendly to Mr. Moore and as it is here on the ground, the Free thinkers throughout the country can trust to its actions and believe that its condemnation of this sentence merits the help and assistance of every organized Society and individual Liberalist. For myself, I say that Mr. Moore deserves censure. He had been warned by Mr. Betts, the Post Office Inspector, but did not heed it and thus exposed himself to prosecution.

He has been appealed to by his best friends, and time and again rebuked by his subscribers for using language neither dignified nor refined. But he is imprisoned under a false charge. The language upon which he was indicted was neither "lewd, obscene nor lascivious" as charged by the District Attorney. In fact the words themselves are as chaste as a paragraph from Addison. The substance of the speech is all that can be called into question, whether or not it is of an "indecent character."

You will notice if you refer back to the statute previously quoted that an offense of this kind involves the use of words and language which are "obscene, lewd, lascivious or of indecent character." If Mr. Moore's language for which he was indicted was ALL of these his sentence was just under the law. But it was certainly neither of the first three, and as to being of an "indecent character" that is a debatable question. Is an opinion, clothed in chaste words, expressed of any of the natural appetites regarded by the law as indecent? That is the question. If not, Mr. Moore is a wrongly imprisoned man, and the charge against him is as false as the statement that he is a Free Lover and Editor of a Free Love paper. I understand it was decided by the Superior Court of Illinois that the public discussion of Love, free or otherwise, is not "indecent."

Mr. Bundy dwelt largely upon the "suggestiveness" of Mr. Moore's language, saying that "it suggested indiscriminate relation of the sexes and therefore damnable, lewd and indecent. What is 'suggestive'?"

"To the pure all things are pure." "Evil to him who evil thinks." Where does the law draw the line at "suggestion." Marriage itself is only legalized sexuality, and why may not the "suggestion" of marriage itself incline to thought of lasciviousness? Why may not the discussion of Love after marriage be as "suggestive of indecency" as before marriage?

When closely analyzed, as between Bundy's speech and Moore's, it is

hard to tell which one is to be blamed most for its weakness. Moore was incoherent and Bundy's periphrastic and merely assertive. It proved nothing. Mr. Moore in his defense was not allowed the time to define, weigh and analyze the words which are charged to be obscene. When ordered to stop by the Court, he was making what I thought was a very good argument. He was endeavoring to prove to the jury, by showing them the contents of the paper, that it was not a "Free Love" journal. It was a new thing to me, to see a man on trial, with his liberty involved, called down while he was making his best point to prove his innocence. Suppose he had been indicted for advocating a Christian principle such as Paul advocated—that "it is best for a man not to marry at all." Is there anything more offensive to our marriage laws than that. The time should be given him, and the Ohio Liberal Society intends to carry this question to the Superior Court and test it. The question more than the man it thinks is vital. It involves free speech and a fair trial. It concerns every Agnostic, Atheist, Deist, Socialist, Spiritualist, Materialist, and Free thinker of every description in this country. If this Comstock law is to be pushed with such vigor as to send men to the penitentiary for mailing such language as Mr. Moore used, it must also be applied as vigorously in other directions. We demand fair play. Obscenity, lasciviousness and suggestiveness in the Bible is ranker in quality than any that ever appeared in the BLUE GRASS BLADE, or in most any other print for that matter. We want to know if this Comstock law is made for the Infidel and not for the preacher. We want to know just what and who it covers. We want to know and have it settled whether sacred vulgarity has privilege before the law, that is not to be granted to the plain, ordinary kind. We want to know if an Infidel has the right to a fair trial. Infidels furnished the hands and the brains and the money when the foundations of this country were laid. The whole Republican principles of government as adopted were the outgrowth of the teachings of Thomas Paine, an Infidel. Jefferson, an Infidel, wrote its Declaration of Independence, Girard, an Infidel, supplied its treasury, and Washington, an Infidel, fought its battles. Christianity is essentially monarchical. It never had any idea of government above the aristocratic. It has a King at its head. It expects to live in a Kingdom in the world to come, where Rucker and all the rest will wear a crown.

The principles of this government were not conceived in the head of a Bishop. They were conceived in the head, the glorious head of Thomas Paine. Free thought is the child of that conception. It wants now to know whether it has any rights of

inheritance in this country; whether it is to be brow-beaten in our courts; whether it is to be made a foot ball of for pious pastime.

We do not propose to make a martyr of Mr. Moore. "If he inclines to pose as such, he will lose the respect of his friends." It is charged by the District Attorney, the newspapers and his enemies that Mr. Moore is assuming a martyr's role. While he exhibited a foolish egotism in choosing to act as his own lawyer, I will say that his actions before the Court, his manners and emotions, and his child-like appeal to the jury and to the Judge for clemency, all evinced a desire to escape punishment. He showed an eagerness to put the legality of Free Speech to the test, and this eagerness, I think, was construed by the Court to be an insolence and a desire to pose as a persecuted individual. Mr. Moore has always been a man who has been willing to put his principles to a legal test, no matter what personal sacrifices he might be called upon to make. Many of his friends as well as his enemies have thought that he courted imprisonment for notoriety. I am led to believe by his actions in this trial, and by my conversations with him that in this case this is a mistake. But when it comes to making a legal test of Free Speech, he has always been on hand. Considering the hundreds of thousands of Free thinkers who cowardly remain under cover, for myself I respect the one man who is brave enough, reckless enough if you will, to charge down the front line of battle, even if he has no other object in view than notoriety. The front is the most respectable place for a man to go down. This fight is on and must be settled in the courts. It may as well be settled right now. I ask the Liberals of this country if it isn't about time that men should cease being sent to the penitentiary for their free opinions and open assertions upon dogmatic theology? If it isn't about time that a man can express his views about one of the human emotions without being deprived of his liberty?

The Ohio Liberal Society has employed the law firm of Phares and Keller of Cincinnati to test the case. It has already put up \$100.00. It will probably cost two or three times that amount and may be more to carry the case to a Superior Court. It needs this extra amount and doubts not that it will be forthcoming. The Treasurer of the Ohio Liberal Society, J. C. Wilms, North West cor. Eight and Vine will receive contributions.

I call upon the Liberal organizations and all Liberal papers of this country to rise up as one, in protest that will be heard and felt. Christianity if when passive and tolerant is docile enough, and develops many of the humane instincts. But let it feel the intoxication of power, and it develops at once the brutal instincts which inbred superstition always excites. Many people in this country think an Atheist or Agnostic has no right to citizenship whatever. Let cases like Mr. Moore's go unchallenged, and it is only a question of time until the Agnostic, if he dare express himself, will follow him.

Back in the days of Bloody Mary, the Catholic savages of England killed off the Protestant savages by thousands. In course of time it came the Protestant's turn, and Catholic property was confiscated, and every offensive Catholic priest executed. Down in Cornwall, a mining region, was a priest by the name of Trelawny, who was much beloved by the miners and who was ordered to be taken and executed. His people flocked around him and the local authorities found that he could not be taken. The King found it necessary to send an army down there. About thirty thousand of the rough miners gathered together as one man and with nothing but their picks and such rude instruments as they could quickly manufacture defied the King's army. As they marched in procession they sang this verse:

"And shall Trelawny die?
And shall Trelawny die?
When thirty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why?"

Their determined opposition dissuaded the King from making any further effort to get Trelawny. The stubborn protest of Free thinkers will arouse a sentiment that will likewise have its effect.

Will the Liberals of this country allow Mr. Moore to lie in the Ohio penitentiary for two years, without rising up as one man, and asking "the reason why?"

J. B. WILSON, M. D.

To the Readers of the Blade.

A report has gained circulation to the effect that the BLUE GRASS BLADE will go out of business, owing to the incarceration of its editor in prison. We desire to say to our readers that this report is false, and the BLADE will appear regularly as usual. Its editorial columns will be in charge of able hands and it will continue to expose canting hypocrisy and the infamous liquor traffic.

Those subscribers who owe for the paper are earnestly requested to pay up, as it takes money to run a paper. Now is the time to show your appreciation of the work being done by the BLADE.

Address all communications to the BLUE GRASS BLADE, Lexington Ky.

Our club rates are 50 cents a year for 5 or more copies. Send in now and avoid the rush.

A CAMPBELLITE

"Challenges" Ingersoll to a Religious Debate With Him.

Some one has sent me a copy of the "Decatur (Ills) Review" giving an account of how a theological cat further described as "Rev. George F. Hall, pastor of the Tabernacle Christian church" has challenged "Infidel Bob Ingersoll."

The said "Christian church" is the same that is commonly known as the "Campbellite church."

A diagram of Hall that accompanies the account shows him dressed in the large moustache and flash wardrobe that we are accustomed to see in the professional footballist.

This is explained in an editorial comment, intended to compliment him, in which it is said that at Drake University—some Campbellite preacher factory some where in the West—he spent four years somewhat irregularly, and that "as a student he was uneven." But it is said "He was fond of athletic sports, and always was among the first when there was any fun on hand."

There is no intimation that he ever graduated. He applied for a position as a school teacher and was rejected, and "for several years George's inclinations were toward journalism," but he finally "gave up the pen." In offering himself as the champion of Christianity, he says old Bob will not "dare to stand up" in a fair and square debate with a man worthy of his metal.

In a kind comment upon Hall's breeding and ancestry the editor seems unable to discover anything worthy of mention except that Hall's parents lived long enough to celebrate their golden wedding.

Hall accents his importance by stating that "The Tabernacle" of which he has charge has a membership of 700. In slave times a Negro preacher named Ferrill had, on East Short Street, Continued, in Lexington, Ky., a membership of 7,000. This I have known from my boyhood and it was very recently printed in a Lexington paper. Rev. Jasper of Virginia, the Negro who preached the sermon on "De Sun do move" has been heard of more than any forty preachers now living, in the Campbellite church. Lexington, Ky., the center of the vicinity in which my grand-father, Barton W. Stone, started the "Christian" church which was called the "Campbellite" church, when Alexander Campbell came to this country three years after and joined it, and switched the whole business off into baptism as the chief end of man, is the place to which every Campbellite preacher more desires to go, and in which he more desires to live, than in heaven. Consequently all the most famous Campbellite preachers live in Lexington, and though the Rev. Peter Vinegar, the Nigger preacher of Lexington, is comparatively a late arrival there, it is possible, from his newspaper notoriety, that he is better known than any other preacher in Lexington.

His most popular sermons are "Watch dat snake," and "Hell a half er mile from Lexington." I suppose it is not an exaggeration to say that I am known to, and honored by, as many women and men as any 50 Campbellite preachers now living.

I received the degree of A. B. in the College of which Alexander Campbell was president, and paid him \$21.00 for the mere Latin inscribed "sheepskins" of the diploma on which, over his "sign manual" and seal he pronounced me "vireum probum et doctum," and then I was, by him, specially educated, and by him ordained to the ministry, and I have enjoyed a more intimate and familiar associate with Alexander Campbell and every member of his family than any living man who is not kin to him; and I am now, under the rules of his college entitled to the degree of A. M. but it would not be bestowed upon me, because I am an Infidel.

Rev. President John Augustus Williams, the most cultivated theologian in the ministry of the Campbellite church address, Harrodsburg, Ky., wrote of my book "The Rational View" that it was all that was necessary for any man to read, whether Christian or Infidel, who wanted to know the argument against the Christian religion, and that statement stood with other recommendations of my book for a year or two, in the BLADE during which

Rev. Williams was paying for and carefully reading the BLADE. My paper is about as well known in any other state in the Union as it is in Kentucky.

I have been a success as a journalist for over 25 years.

One of the first pieces I ever wrote Billy Breckinridge, today the finest orator in America except Ingersoll told me, not would make, but had made, me "famous," in three hours after it appeared in the Lexington Daily Press; and before I had been writing a year, Dr. Bullock, now living in Lexington, brother of United States Senate Chaplain Joseph Bullock, under Cleveland, said I was the finest writer in Kentucky except Henry Watterson, and Rev. President John W. McGarvey, the most prominent living Campbellite preacher, preaching to a congregation of 2,000 people with the BLUE GRASS BLADE in his hand, said "Charley Moore has said some hard things but I never caught him in a lie."

George F. Hall has a son, so the newspaper account shows, named for my grandfather.

I never heard of Hall before. If he never heard of me, it is because he is, in that matter, the same ignoramus that he seems to be in other things.

All this sounds like bragging to me, and it is bragging.

It is intended to show that I am a man of incomparably more importance than Hall, and it is as a prelude to my statement that while Col. Ingersoll has done me personal kindness and is a patron of my paper and while it is, nevertheless, notorious in Infidel circles, that I am less than any prominent Infidel an admirer of Ingersoll. I am compared with Ingersoll who is the greatest living orator and the most widely known living human being, except Queen Victoria—"a youth to fortune and fame unknown" who is not fit to black Bob Ingersoll's boots.

And yet I would not deign to debate with Hall as he now stands. But if he will get an endorsement as a gentleman and a fair representative of his church by any one of the prominent preachers in his church who live in Lexington I will dare him to meet me in debate oral or written, in Lexington or Cincinnati, or in any Lexington paper including the BLADE or the Christian Standard of Cincinnati, if written.

The paper which seems to be Hall's organ is "The Outlook" of Cincinnati. I have lived a good deal in Cincinnati, and especially in newspaper circles, and thought I knew of every newspaper in Cincinnati, but I never, before, heard of the "Lookout," and I shall look out for a copy of it.

As an instance of the staidity or mendacity of the fellow Hall, he says of his sect that they have "6,000 preachers, and in our ministry we have a number of men who are as widely, and more favorably, known than R. G. Ingersoll."

I think any well informed man will agree with me in saying that Bob Ingersoll is not only known to, but is honored by more people than know the whole combined 6,000 Campbellite sky pilots.

A boy 12 years old in North America who might not know about Ingersoll would be regarded hardly more than an idiot, and there is hardly an intelligent boy or girl 12 years of age in the civilized world who does not know about him.

There have been four men in the United States who were too great to be. They were Clay, Webster, Calhoun and Blaine. Bob Ingersoll made Blaine too great by calling him a "plumed knight," and then to have a little gospel slinging Campbellite like this fellow Hall to be able to speak of himself as a man "worthy of the metal" of such a man as Ingersoll, is not insulting because Hall says it—for a mule can kick a King—but because such a man is backed and countenanced by such gentlemen as Charles Louis Loos and Robert Graham and John W. McGarvey of Lexington; men who are at the head of one of our large educational establishments.

Think of a man like Ingersoll, in perhaps the finest publication in the world, "The North American Review" taking a man like Gladstone, next in prominence and respectability—for cultivated people do not respect the Pope—to Ingersoll himself, and using him, not as a man "worthy of his metal," as Hall thinks himself to be, but simply as a Titanic besom with which Ingersoll swept the Christian dirt and rubbish from the face of the earth, and then

snatched old Jerry Black—the only Campbellite except Garfield who ever got to be known outside of his seat—by the nape of the neck and sent of the pantalettes and kicked him out, so that poor old Jerry actually died, like Horace Greely, from mortification.

And yet, when Ingersoll, of whose temper this scrub speaks as being "ugly and uncontrollable" has thus summarily disposed of these two old Christian bluffers and comes to a man like Rev. Dr. Field, one of whose brothers laid the first ocean cable, and another of whom is one of the Supreme Judges of the United States; Rev. Field being a gentleman and a scholar, the most refined two women that ever lived never argued a question with more gentleness and kindness and mutual respect and admiration than Ingersoll and Field did; and Ingersoll and every other intelligent Infidel in America respects and admires Field to this day.

I don't call this fellow Hall a common "cur of low degree" because I am in full sympathy with the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," and I and all my family love any kind of dogs—except bull dogs, they always remind me of prize fighters and priests—and I don't want to do injustice to dogs, by the odious comparison, but as I think about the cheek and gall and insolence and impudence of this Campbellite preacher Hall, my boot just wants to kick so bad that I can hardly keep it down on the floor.

Kick Hall clear out of the calculation and put in his place little Jack McGarvey, the chief cook and bottle holder of all the Campbellites on earth, to debate with Ingersoll, and what would we have? A little Irishman who did not have enough brain to make a priest, or enough muscle to make a policeman, and who just compromised by appointing himself the Aguinaldo of all the Campbellites—a man whose life has been devoted to one grand central idea that the way to get rid of sin in the world is to walk out into a horse pond with a Campbellite preacher and wash it off—a man who has lately written a book the sole and only purpose of which was to prove that Jonah actually lived three days and nights in a whale's stomach without any intestinal dissension between Jonah and the whale.

Just think of having a whole preacher in your stomach for three days and nights! Poor whale!

If Bob Ingersoll should condescend to debate with little Jack McGarvey, I would walk out behind Bob and kick him clear over the foot lights, and the Infidel world, in recognition of the service to humanity would send me 1,000,000 subscribers to the B. G. B.

One of the cats that Hall says has challenged Ingersoll to debate is "Prof." Clark Braden. This Reverend "Professor" Braden is the fellow that was selected by another Campbellite preacher, R. B. Neal to debate with me. I was pleased with the suggestion and at once opened correspondence with him, and got letters from him which as I now recollect, had repeated instances of bad spelling in them and other ignorance that comported with his autobiography, and as vile and abusive as he knew how to write it.

I said to him then, as I say to him, today, that as the case stands I would not debate with him, but if he will get the endorsement of any of the prominent clergy of his church, or any other church, I am ready to meet him, oral or written, any day.

If I fight a lion I gain some glory even if I get whipped. If I fight a skunk I am bound to be worsted.

Since Clark Braden corresponded with me his son has been arrested for stealing \$10,000 from the American Express Co., and has been captured and caught with \$5,000 of the money still in his possession, and he has been associated with Zaohary in publishing a book called "Moore and Ingersoll Unmasked," making Ingersoll play second fiddle to me, by regarding me as the rising sun and Ingersoll as the setting sun of Infidelity, an insinuation that must make Robert green with jealousy, and that would make his hair rise with indignation if he had any hair.

But a sensible man can learn even from a fool. I have many a time wondered where Bob Ingersoll got his education, and actually, though I have twice been his guest, and have heard him lecture I have never really known whether the man could read or write.

I knew that he took the BLUE GRASS BLADE, but he might have gotten his wife to read it for him,

and as for his alleged chirography in ordering the BLADE, it would hardly be fair to call it writing.

As for books and lectures commonly imputed to Ingersoll, Hall says they are all plagiarisms.

But Hall patronizingly says to Ingersoll "We are told that you are a graduate of Yale University." It's the first time in all my life that I had ever heard that Ingersoll had ever gotten the whitewash of any college wall on his back.

Another one of the men that Bob has been afraid to meet is "Dr." Z. T. Sweeney. This "Doctor" Sweeney is a Campbellite "D. D." who is the brother of the Jack Sweeney, whom the lash of Nemesis has lately thrashed out of the Campbellite church at Paris, disgraced by his daughter, and damned by every honest man in Kentucky for his alliance with "Old Bourbon" whisky distillers to imprison me.

When my grand father Stone founded the Christian church they were all "Brethren"—the Brethren embracing the Sistren.

When I was ordained, though, by rank outsiders, I was called Reverend, it was considered wrong to call even an old preacher any more than "Elder." Finally they took on "Reverend," pretending to do it under protest; then they took on "Doctor" and finally "Reverend Doctor," and now Zack Sweeney, the brother of Jack Sweeney—their name being a horse disease—is "Dr." Sweeney.

But I am still ahead of any of the gang. I get many letters addressed to the Right Reverend Charles C. Moore and sometimes "Ex Rev.," a contraction for Exceedingly Reverend. Where does this Campbellite preacher get that high sounding title? Call him a horse "Doctor" of the sweeney—a kind of Hickenlooper as it were—and I have no kick to make, but a Doctor of Divinity named Zack Sweeney—ye gods! where is your lightning that such sacrilegious can go unrebuked?

This fellow Hall—this Decatur link of dog sausage that will squirm when you whistle to it, an authorized and ordained minister of the gospel in a church in which such gentlemen as Robert Graham and Charles L. Loos and John Augustus Williams are ministers, and in which

the Robert Milligan, for whom I named one of my sons was a preacher, gives as his literary opinion that Ingersoll's famous "temperance speech was purloined from old Dr. Gunn's 'Family Physician.'" With the same ignorance or mendacity, or both, this Decatur theological syringe could have said that Ingersoll's answer to Gladstone, or his lecture on "The Gods," or his nomination of Blaine, or his funeral oration over the death of his brother, or his sermon in a Chicago pulpit were stolen out of "Poor Richard's Almanac," or the back part of the "Blue Back Spelling Book."

Hall actually states that Ingersoll gets \$70,000 a year for his law practice, and, in dead earnest, offers that fact as evidence that Ingersoll does not know anything about law. Hall reasons that the fact that a man makes money out of law is an evidence that he does not know anything about law, because he thinks it is just as it is with preachers, and he has seen as the greatest of American pulpit successes, Sam Jones, who according to his own statement was flopped right out of the gutter into the pulpit with no chance to know anything about theology even if he had had the capacity and inclination to learn.

Christian people argue that their religion is true because it was started by a gang of ignorant fishermen, when they get off of religion and onto business they never pick a lawyer because he is ignorant.

The words that this turn-the-other-cheek follower of the "meek and lowly" applies to Ingersoll to describe what Ingersoll does and is, taking them in order of their occurrence are as follows; arrogant, injurious, evil, inflated, cook of the walk, infidel jackdaw, stealing, ignorant, cowardly, weak, not well-read, unsafe, spurious, spread eagle, haraugging, stereotyped, blasphemous, chestnutty, unscrupulous, unblushing, plagiarist, thief, purloiner, strutting, pompous, appropriating, unoriginal, bombastic, gagging, "goaking," virtuperative, ridiculous.

Dan Rice, tiring, garbling, backing down, unmasked, exposed, charlatan, laugher, punner, violator of agreement, contract breaker, showing white feather, ignoramus, spouter, fictitious, fabricator, padder and bolsterer, monumental gall, pitifully weak, inexcusable, coward, skeptic, mutilator, doughty, splutterer, ap-

netic, juggler, clown, misrepresentative, abuser, shallow, knave, indecent, ugly tempered, uncontrollable tempered, slanderer, impudent, tabooed, burlesquer, grinning, monkey, wrong, power of the air, bellow-er, branded coward, vaunter and sneerer.

Not only are all of these endeavoring epithets applied to Ingersoll by a man he had never heard of and possibly has not heard of to this day, but they are repeatedly applied and all the changes rung on them of which Hall's genius is capable, and yet the very finest specimens of the Christian faith have the cheek to tell us that all the refinement, and gentleness and love and sympathy with men and animals, and all law and order, and all social happiness and political security, come to us as the gift of the Christian religion, when every liar of them knows, just as well as I do, that Hall, is a scoundrel who would burn Ingersoll at the stake just as quick as Jack Calvin, the daddy of all the Presbyterians, burnt Michael Servetus, or the Catholics burned Guirano Bruno and Joan of Arc.

Hall concluded his "challenge" to Ingersoll, as he calls his drunken billingsgate, by offering Ingersoll \$500 a night for 12 nights to debate with him, and asked Ingersoll to reply to his "challenge" that night when Ingersoll was to deliver his lecture on "Superstition" in the Decatur opera house.

Hall then went and got five seats for Ingersoll's lecture, for himself and four of his chums, who were probably toughs, and the five went to hear what old bald headed Bob—now foted on yer 'Lijah bars—would say about Hall's "challenge," and old Bob just "rolled on silver moon" through his lecture, made his little old fat bow at the end, raked in the hat full of simoleons that were waiting for him at the door, and went on about his business just as if he had never heard of Brer Hall and his pals, and, so far as known, is still nightly scooping the gentle simoleon, probably never having heard that in all the earth there is any gospel slinger named Hall.

[From Lexington Herald]
EDITOR MOORE'S PUNISHMENT.

Probably there is no one who disagrees more widely with all the publications made during the last few years by Charles C. Moore than The Herald, and yet we do regret the sentence imposed upon him by the United States District Court at Cincinnati, in which court he was recently convicted of sending obscene matter through the mails and sentenced to the penitentiary for two years. We regret it for his sake and on account of his family and friends.

We do not know that any steps will be taken to mitigate this sentence; nor that it could be mitigated if effort were made; nor have we any knowledge as to whether he desires such an effort to be made or would agree to any terms upon which application for pardon could be based.

We do not mean to criticize the Court who prescribed this sentence. The act for which he has been punished is one which has become extremely common, is quite difficult to discover and more difficult of conviction. The Postoffice Department is perhaps daily informed of the violation of the law against sending improper and obscene matter through the mails. Certain firms make a regular business of it and use the mails to stimulate prurient curiosity, even to the extent of flooding secretly the female seminaries of the country with the most shocking advertisements, prospectuses and pamphlets; and, therefore, there is a tendency in the Federal Courts to inflict severe penalties upon those who are convicted under this statute. Yet, whatever may be our condemnation of the views of Mr. Moore and of the language employed by him in the expression of those views, and of the publication of his paper and its transmission through the mails, his act is radically different from that of these inconceivably shameless violators of the law.

We suppose no one in this community has personally less reason to feel kindly to Mr. Moore than we, and yet, we do not feel like suppressing the expression of our regret at the severity of the punishment inflicted upon him.

MY AGENT AT PARIS, KY.,
Is Mr. W. T. Ficklen, aged 71, who has been a most exemplary member of the Christian church for 50 years, when that church put him and me in jail because we were Prohibitionists. Bro. Ficklen is also agent for the "Rational View." Price 50 cents; neatly bound.
Please see him about any business connected with the BLADE.

ONE CENT

Will Buy a Blade, If as Many as 10 Copies Are Taken.

So far as I am able to judge the BLUE GRASS BLADE ranks as high in popularity and circulation, as any Infidel publication now printed, any where in the world.

It is my ambition and aspiration to give it much the largest circulation of any Infidel, or any religious, paper in the world.

I think that it is probably more widely known than any paper, not excepting the Courier-Journal, in Kentucky, and I am going to try to get for the BLADE the largest circulation of any paper in Kentucky.

In order to do this I will supply the BLADE at 1 cent a copy to any and all persons who send me, in advance, the money for as many as 10 copies, and from that on up to 1,000 copies, provided all the papers go to any one address.

In order to get the papers of each week the money must be mailed not later than will give the money time to get to Lexington by Tuesday of that week.

You can send the exact amount of money each week, or you can send the money in advance for any length of time you desire, stating how many papers you will take each week, and you will be credited by the money, and the papers will be sent you until the money is exhausted.

Almost anybody, any where, can find a boy to sell these papers at prices ranging from 2 cents to 5 cents, and thus make a financial profit while helping the BLADE.

I hope that friends of the BLADE will take special interest in this plan.

THE BLADE

AND THE NEW YORK WORLD.

For \$1.65 a Year. The World Coming Every Other Day, Except Sunday, and the Blade for Sabbath Reading.

The Blade the Greatest Religious Paper in the World, and the World the Greatest Secular Paper in the World.

The BLUE GRASS BLADE, the greatest Religious Journal in the world, and the New York World, the greatest Secular Journal in the world have gone into a combine and will pool their earnings.

The World will come three times a week, that is every other day except Sunday, when the BLADE, punctually each Sabbath morn, laden to the guards with the latest and freshest from the religious world, will appear and fill what would otherwise be an "aching void" in the hearts of the piously inclined.

It would be a reflection upon the general intelligence of the world at large, and of America especially, to discount upon the merits of these two great journals. Not to know them is to proclaim yourself unknown.

With the BLADE no other religious reading is necessary; not even the Bible, prayer book or hymn book. Having the BLADE it is not necessary to pay any pew rent, or to entertain preachers, or to chip into the missionary box, and your breeches are not bagged at the knees by kneeling in churches.

Having the New York World three times a week, you are "thoroughly furnished into every good work" (II. Tim. 3: 17) in matters secular, and nothing else in secular journalism, is necessary for cultivated ladies and gentlemen.

If you are taking the BLADE send me \$1.65 and your BLADE will be credited up a year, and the World will begin at once to come to you three times a week. If you are not taking the BLADE, send me \$1.65 and the two papers will at once start to you.

This is the greatest offer for religious and political literature you ever saw.

Address all communications to Charles C. Moore, Lexington, Ky.

THE NEXT BLADE

Will Contain An Article From "Prometheus"

"Prometheus," upon hearing of the imprisonment of Mr. Moore, has sent us an article which will appear in next week's BLADE. Several hundred extra copies will be printed. Send in orders at your earliest convenience.

THIS ISSUE

We have printed several hundred extra copies of this issue and will offer them at the following rates:

25 copies for 50 cents
50 " " 75 "
100 " " 1 dollar

Mailed to yourself or directed to persons whose addresses you send,

Our First Letter From Editor Moore.

Columbus Ohio, Feb. 9, 1899.
My Dear Precious Wife and Children:
If you all could see me just as I am fixed here I don't believe you would say it is such a dreadful thing to be in the penitentiary.

I am sitting at a nice desk, with a great big Russian leather cushioned chair that swings around nicely, and I just have pencils and paper and ink and stamps and envelopes galore, and the beauty of it all is that our Uncle Samuel has to put up the simoleons for it all.

It is nothing more nor less than I am Assistant Superintendent of the printing office of the "Ohio Penitentiary News."

There is nothing in the world the matter with this place except that the Superintendent is named Coffin and I have laid down the law to him to the effect that I will have him discharged unless he gets the legislature to change his name at its very next session or get him a job as an undertaker which would be more in consonance with his name.

I had to make a little kick about the dinner today—not that it was not good enough, for we had plenty of nice vegetables and good beef and nice coffee—but they piled enough on my plate to last me for a week three times a day, as if the fellow thought I never had had anything to eat before, and the hole I ate in it was about like a mouse had gnawed in a big Christmas cake.

The waiter was incorrigible though and said that was what he was ordered to do, in that particular dining room and he did not dare to disobey orders. So that I am going to steal me a small plate and carry it in my pocket and if I do eat all that fellow gives me and I find it a prison regulation that I have to eat it or bust I will take it in "on the installment plan."

As to my dress I have a suit so much like a Major General in the Confederate Army that if you will send me about 10 or 15 yards of gold lace, I will look so much like old Gen. Bob Lee, whiskers and all, that if I get tired of this job I will some day just walk out by the guard and make him give me the military salute and go up to Washington and see Charlie and Helen and the Baby, and Lucille, and make Billy Mack make me a division commander of the United States Army and Dewey and Otis simply won't be in it.

The Superintendent of this printing office gives me a pass to go to see the warden whenever I want to and altogether I have never been treated with more distinguished kindness in my life.

When I first got here I had to be put for that night, as it was night when I got here, among the common convicts and quite a number of them knew about me and the BLADE, and though I suppose the large majority of the boarders are Christians I find it is a lot of poppycock that won't hold water—hardly hold corn shucks—about there being no infidels in the penitentiary.

Since Deacon Ingersoll has heard that Uncle Sam has given me this appointment he seems not to want any of it in his den and he is giving the Christian brethren a good lot of taffy lately.

And though I think my job here was instigated by Christian prejudice, when I remember how those good Catholic nuns in Porto Rico stood by our dear boy through his long illness, and wrote you those beautiful letters about him and see how kind these Christian people here are to me I am going to let up on them a whole lot and try to forget the bad ones and love and taffy the good ones just as far as my conscience will allow me.

I want to beat Prof. Rucker by forgiving him, now that he has done all that he can do against me, and I am going to forgive him and say kind things about him just for meanness to show that my heathen religion is better than his particular variety of Christianity.

Tom Paine said "To do good is my religion," and I believe it is nup and tuck between that and the "Golden Rule," for moral pre-eminence in all the utterances that ever fell from tongues and lips—not "human lips" as they commonly say—because Baalam's saddle horse and that famous snake that talked Hebrew, are dead years ago and man is now the only animal that talks.

I am growing garrulous I know, but Warden Coffin, for all his lugubrious name, told me he wanted me to stick a little spice in the "Ohio Penitentiary News" and I am just

trying my hand to see if, like "Mr. Tapley" I can be "jolly under difficulties."

Since starting this letter I have concluded to have it printed in the BLADE and I want you to send this in to my office and then I am going to copy it from the BLADE into the "Penitentiary News," and put a standing notice of the BLADE in the "News" and give our little paper here a boom and a boost.

Wife, bless your dear heart, you may not think it, and I know you don't think it, but my being here will not only honor me but honor you and our children.

I will wear the martyr's crown without suffering martyrdom, and the day will come when good women and men will rise up and call us blessed, and my old shaggy head and beard, still all on in this cold weather, 16 below Cicero, will be, in history "picturesque" as the Cincinnati Enquirer said they were at my trial. I wore a pair of Uncle Sam's bracelets as I came up here, and when the very kind marshal was only doing his duty in putting them on I said: "You are fettering American freedom not me," and I know just as if I could hear it now, that in a hundred years from now, that remark of mine will be printed many times.

While I had on these jewelry ornaments I asked the marshal to cut out of the Enquirer the account of my trial, and by strange coincidence, on the back was an account of a man named Yapp, I believe, whose two years here had just expired and he did not want to leave.

It's nearly supper. Tell the boys to take care of the pigs and lambs this bad weather, and you must give my love to the good old colored servants on the place.

Please be sure to send this to print just as it is.

Good-bye you dearest of all women ever born.

Affectionately your lesser 1-2,
CHARLES C. MOORE,
No. 31,498.

[From Lexington Leader]
WANT A PARDON.

The Friends of Editor Moore are Already at Work.

A move is on foot to secure Editor C. C. Moore, of The Blue Grass Blade, a pardon from the Columbus, O., penitentiary.

A number of prominent people have circulated a petition to this effect and it is believed by the friends of the heathen editor that he will be pardoned.

Mr. James E. Hughes, Mr. Moore's foreman, who was fined \$25 and costs, arrived home from Cincinnati Wednesday night, after having paid his fine. The latter in all, he says, amounted to \$51.

He was merely employed by Editor Moore to set the type and look after the mechanical department of the paper.

Mr. Hughes says that some injustice was done Editor Moore in the newspaper accounts of the trial, but more was done by the court officers, who hustled the heathen editor off to prison immediately after sentence.

In an interview with The Leader today Mr. Hughes said:

"Editor Moore was sentenced at 10 o'clock and he was started to the train for Columbus at 11.

"I was put in a steel cage in one of the court offices until the costs in my case could be figured up. I only had \$35 in cash with me and had to get an officer to go to the Gibson, where I made the rest good.

"While several of his friends were out trying to get him an attorney to enter plea for an appeal he was hustled off to Columbus.

"His son, Leland Moore, cried pitifully when his father was taken from him and his tears deeply affected the old man. He did not air his opinions vociferously in an ante-room as reported, but on the other hand was quiet and thoughtful most of the time I saw him.

When the Marshals started with him to Columbus they put handcuffs on him. They were not as kind and as gentle to either of us as they might have been.

"Yes, in a sense I was glad to get off with a fine, but I did not even expect that during the trial.

"I was only an employee of the office and it was my duty to do as directed.

"I see by a dispatch in The Enquirer that at Columbus the warden of the prison was kind enough to permit Mr. Moore to retain his hair and beard. He was put in the prison printing office there, I see.

"Mr. Leland Moore will leave for Columbus tomorrow to see his father. He says his mother is prostrate with grief and the blow is gradually killing her.

"She has grieved over the matter ever since it happened.

"I don't think Mr. Moore expected to

CLUB RATES!

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be sent to prison—at least not so suddenly.

"The statement in a Cincinnati paper that Judge Feland offered his services to Mr. Moore free, and they were declined, is a mistake."

"Editor Moore, when he left me at Cincinnati, told me good-bye and said he didn't know whether they would let him write anything for his paper from the prison. However, The Blade will run on."

From the Lexington Leader
ASK FOR A NEW TRIAL.

EDITOR MOORE'S LAWYERS FILE A MOTION.

CLAIM TRIAL WAS UNFAIR.

When Editor Charles C. Moore, of the Blue Grass Blade, was on trial in the United States Court in Cincinnati, before District Judge A. C. Thompson, he declined to engage the services of a lawyer, alleging that he was too poor, and even then he would not accept the generosity of the Court in having one appointed for him. He argued his own case and was sentenced to serve two years in the Ohio penitentiary. Now he has two lawyers.

Yesterday Attorneys Charles Pfares and D. C. Keller, of Cincinnati, filed a motion in the Circuit Court to set aside the verdict and asked for a new trial for the following reasons: Irregularity in the proceedings of the jury, by which the defendant was prevented from having a fair trial; misconduct of the jury, prejudicial to the defendant; that the verdict is not sustained by sufficient evidence; that the verdict is contrary to law, and that errors of law occurred at the trial prejudicial to the defendant.

BEHIND THE BARS

[Commercial Tribune.]

C. C. Moore, of Lexington, Ky., the tucky Blue Grass advocate of free love, will spend the next two years in the Ohio penitentiary. That is the outcome of the prosecution against him for sending copies of his paper, the Blue Grass Blade, through the United States mails.

Moore appeared in court Wednesday morning to receive sentence under the verdict of guilty found against him the day before by the jury that tried his case.

When the gray-headed old man was brought to the bar and asked whether he had anything to say for himself, he again launched out into a rambling harangue. He declared it an outrage that he, the descendant of soldiers who had fought in the Revolution and in the war of 1812, should have to endure the humiliation of going to a penitentiary. He declared passionately that whatever else the court might do with him, he wanted it seen to that his family should not be called to suffer for his account—he wanted to bear all the punishment himself. His Blue Grass farm, he said, was taxed at a valuation of \$15,000, there was a mortgage of \$5,000 upon it, and he wanted the Judge, in imposing sentence, not to add to the burden on that by giving him a heavy fine. Any other punishment he was ready for, but his property he wanted preserved to his family.

Then the old fellow tried to argue that what he had written was not immoral or contrary to the law, and he closed with glorying in the doctrines he has advocated.

UNMOVED BY SENTENCE.

When Moore closed Judge Thompson announced that his sentence would be two years' imprisonment in the Ohio penitentiary. Moore heard the sentence apparently without being moved. His son, a gentlemanly young fellow, was in court when the sentence was pronounced and accompanied his father out of the court room along with the Deputy Marshal. On the outside young Moore quite broke down and wept in great agitation. While making no reproaches he seemed to feel keenly the unpleasant position in which the father's doings had placed his family.

The old man himself did not seem altogether to have expected he was to receive such a sentence. He was stirred up and was going to air his grievances in the corridors till the Deputy Marshal put him in one of the rooms, where his reflections were his only companions.

On the afternoon train that left for Columbus he was put in charge of Deputy Marshal Bryan and last evening he was behind the walls of the prison. It was freely expressed as the opinion among those who watched the old man closely during his trial that the out-

come of the case was a severe set back for him; that he was calculating on being given notoriety and a sort of martyrhood, only to find that he had simply put himself in the position of an ordinary violator of the law and was regarded as nothing more.

Moore has cultivated a luxuriant head of hair not unlike that of the famed Paderewski, except that it is silver white, and a magnificent leonine beard. These adornments he will be required to have cut off and the change which such an operation would effect in his appearance is one of the things that the observers discussed as the old man made his way from the court building in charge of the Deputy Marshals.

HUGHES FINED \$25.

James E. Hughes, the young printer who was foreman of the place where Moore's paper was printed, and who was charged with placing the paper in the mails, was given a sentence of \$25 and costs, it appearing that he was, to a considerable extent, simply an agent of Moore in what he had to do with The Blue Grass Blade. He paid the \$25 which it cost and went from the court quite relieved.

It turned out that Judge Feland, the noted Kentucky lawyer who defended Hughes, also offered his services free of charge to Moore. That eccentric, however, would not hear to the arrangement and insisted on being his own lawyer, though trying to make a virtue of his alleged necessity by insisting that he had no attorney because he was too poor to pay for one.

It was the expectation that some of the members of the Ohio Liberal Society would make some movement in Moore's behalf. They failed to do it, however, and the fact is among the other disappointments of the old man.

The Freethinker's Association of Dallas, Texas, meets at Liberty Hall, 228 South Ervay street, every Sunday at 7:30 p. m., for lectures and discussions. Seats are free, and the public is invited. Ormond Page president; Allen Johnson, secretary.

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